

Elton John, Bad Side Of The Moon

It seems as though I've lived my life
On the bad side of the moon
To stir your dregs in sickness still
Without the rustic spoon

Common people live with me
Where the light has never shone
And the hermits flock like hummingbirds
To speak in a foreign tongue

I'm a light world away
From the people who make me stay
Sitting on the bad side of the moon

There ain't no need for watchdogs here
To justify our ways
We live our life in manacles
The main cause of our stay

Exiled here from other worlds
My sentence comes too soon
Why should I be made to pay
On the bad side of the moon